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ORIGINAL POETRY.

Peace and contentment, only yield to man.

So seldom find: how may soothe the mind,

And wealth may gratify ambitious hopes;

But deep within them disappointment rests,

And when the objects of our view are lost,

We most desire—some unexpected storm

May break upon us, and relentless tear

Thence pleading visions hope has rear'd so long;

And that is misery—no prize not then

What we have left, but only what we lose—

Then life appears to us a dreary void;

We would not live—and yet, we fear to die,

And on that fear we pause—death wears a gloom,

And nature shrinks before that final hour—

The contrite heart, that ever trusts in Heaven's

Fears not to die—and the last lingering hope

That rests on life, and all we value here,

Falls like the pale, and distant morning star

When the bright sun breaks on the gloom of night

And shines in all his glory—it is then,

With spirits perfected our joys begin;

We join with angels in eternal praise

Around the throne, where love and mercy reign;

Not from our merit—but what mortals claim?

So weak, so frail;—but yet the contrite heart

Seeks pardon from its God, who sees reveal'd

Each secret thought—He pity and forgives.

CORDELLA.

WHAT IS HOPE?

What's Hope? a flattering dream

As transient as the morning's gleam;

It rings, smiling comes to cheer,

Yet often leaves us in despair.

'Tis transient as each morning note,

Which from the lips of friendship float;

We scarce enjoy the silvery sound,

Ere mockery in the chorus found.

'Tis frail as morning's beauteous tear,

Which on the emerald plants appear;

For scarce ascends the god of day,

When every gem inebriate away.

And thus is Hope—a little charm

Whose magic o'er the senses creep;

To brighten gloom—dull care disarm,

But failing, leaves the soul to weep.

ELLEN.

FRIENDSHIP.

IMBUED TO D. H. B.

There is below a kindred tie,

That rules within the feeling heart

And draws the cup of sorrow dry,

Though of its draught sometimes a part;

Yet when hope's cheering accents are bright,

The sweetest charm of life will prove,

And break upon us like the light

Of angel dreams—'tis friendship's love.

But there's another closer string

That winds about the noble breast,

And levels every worldly thing,

To make the soul supremely blest;

Firm as the rock on Atlas' base,

Its hidden chord can never die,

Though adverse waves in fury roar,

To 'whelm the bulwark—'tis Friendship's tie.

Existence knows no brighter charm

To give us peace and happiness;

No feeling of the soul to warm,

As Friendship, or as love to bless.

Depend on these, our pilgrimage

Through life's uncertain path were dear;

And the gleams pleasure of each stage

Would feel as joys upon the hier.

ORASMYN.

SONG.

O! 'tis the joys that dwell above

Are felt by man below,

'Tis in the hour of youthful love

When tears of rapture flow;

When cheeks are wet

And hearts have met

That long have sigh'd in vain;

And when love's reveal'd,

And vows are seal'd,

To never part again.

O! then life's scene of purest light

Of sun without a shade,

A constant day without a night,

By love and beauty made;

The fairest flow'rs

From beauty's bow'rs,

In manhood's path are strown;

O! on earth like this,

There is no bliss,

Till woman's love is known.

O! if there's a scene in human life

That angels bless above,

'Tis when man clasps his faithful wife

In pure and holy love;

When on her breast

He sinks to rest

(The couch of wedded joys)

And beneath her gaze,

In frolic plays,

The pledge of love—her joy.

O! then tell me not that woman's heart

Is cold as mountain snow,

That to man she never will joy impart,

And leave the wounds of love;

For ne'er was given

A taste of heav'n,

Till clasp'd within her arms;

O! his first sweet bliss

Was woman's kiss,

His joy was woman's charms.

MILFORD BARD.

THE MORALIST.

The duties of religion, sincerely and regu-

larly performed, will always be sufficient to

exalt the means, and to exercise the high-

est understanding. The mind will never be

vacant which is frequently recalled by stated

duties to meditations on eternal interests; nor

can any hour be long which is spent in ob-

taining some new qualification for celestial

happiness.

Death seems to enter a cottage only as a

gentle deliverer from the miseries of human

life; but into courts and seats of grandeur,

with insult and terror. To languish under a

gilded canopy, to expire on soft and downy

pillows, and give up the ghost in state, has a

more gloomy aspect than, at the call of na-

ture, to expire on a grassy turf, and resign the

breathless clay back to its proper element.

What does a crowd of friends or flatterers

signify in that important hour, to the most

glorious mortal? Which of his numerous at-

tendants would stand the arrest of death, de-

scend into the silent prison of the grave for

him, or answer the summons of the supreme

tribunal?

AN EXTRACT

FROM THE BLANK BOOK OF A LAW STUDENT.

There are within the experience of every

man, but particularly within that of a law

student, on account of his unavoidable acquaintance

with all classes of the community, many facts

and circumstances, which, if preserved, would

be serviceable in illustrating the peculiarities

of the human mind. I have written down the

following, as displaying the infatuation of

love, and proving at least one case of the

constancy of woman.

It was a gloomy day in December: the

streets were covered with half melted, discol-

oured snow, while drizzling rain from the con-

sistency and feel of an eastern fog left on the

ashes a constant moisture. I was sitting in

my office over a smouldering coal fire, with

my hand on the *Plas of the Crown*, full of medi-

tations upon the punishments of guilt and

willfully, when the solitude was interrupted by

the entrance of a beautiful woman, rather

neatly dressed, and bearing on her counte-

nance every mark of agitation and deep grief.

Her eyes were large and expressive, and of

the finest shape I had ever seen. She had a

graceful figure, and the air of one who had

known good society. I was somewhat sur-

prised at seeing such a woman in that place,

in such weather, and still more at the excess

of her sorrow.

She told me, in a few moments, that she

was the wife of Paul Martin, a person who

had just been arraigned at the municipal

court, for the county of Suffolk, on a charge

of breaking into the store of one of the most

respectable merchants in Boston. She had

protested his innocence, and implored assis-

tance, when she had been recommended to a

lawyer; every exertion was made for her;

but her husband was condemned. Several

months had since passed, during which she

had been endeavoring to find means to pre-

pare his freedom. She wished me to write a

petition for that purpose. Never shall I for-

get the expression of agony with which she

narrated her story, nor the eloquence and

dignity which marked her manner while she

spoke. Born of respectable parents, as I af-

terwards ascertained, and belonging to a fam-

ily of which many of the members are ex-

ceedingly rich, one of them holding the high

office of a foreign ambassador in the ser-

vice of the United States, she had left them all

to devote herself to this Martin, who at that

time, however, held the rank of captain in

our merchant's service.

Possessed of accomplishments which would

have adorned the most elevated situations,

and having a considerable genius for paint-

ing and some skill in music, she had given

herself to the duties of a wife with a fidelity

of spirit not usually to be met with. Through-

out the whole course of her husband's impris-

onment, her constancy remained unabated. She

visited the grate, where alone she was per-

mitted to speak to him, not deterred by the

rudeness and sneering vulgarity of his jail-

ers, nor by the difficulty of obtaining access

even to him. Returning one evening from a

ride over Charlestown bridge, where a thun-

derstorm was coming up, I observed her stand-

ing at one end of it, regardless of the approach-

ing inclemency of the weather, and watching

a white flag or signal which her husband was

accustomed to hold out from his grated win-

dow when entrance would be denied. She

could not be persuaded to return, but re-

mained there, through the "peevish" and pit-

iless storm, looking with melancholy interest

on the only object which could console her

of the health of the man whose comfort she

seemed to value so much more highly than

her own. She told me she sometimes held a

sort of telegraphic communication, in this

way, by means of handkerchiefs of different

colours. If this love be not infatuation, it is

hard to say what it is; at all events, it is a

proof of most unaltered constancy.

Her husband has since received the mercy

of the executive of Massachusetts. Her ex-

cellent conduct undoubtedly procured his re-

lease. In France, where she has gone with

him, it is to be hoped she may yet make him

worthy of so great a treasure as herself. In-

deed, there is more reason to expect it,

as the proofs of his guilt were by no means

satisfactory, considering that his previous

character had been always irreproachable.

And even if he had been ten times more

guilty, one would think that such disinter-

ested devotion could not fail to convert him.

NAPOLEON'S LOVE LETTER

TO JOSEPHINE.

"By what art it you have been able to ex-

perience all my feelings, and to concentrate in yourself

my moral existence? It is a magic, my love,

which will find only with me. To live for

Josephine—there is the history of my life—I am

trying to reach you—I am dying to be near you—

Fool that I am, I do not perceive that I increase

the distance between us. What lands, what con-

tinues separate us? What time before you could

these weak expressions of a troubled soul, in which

you reign? Ah! my adorable wife, I know not

what fate awaits me, but if it keeps me much lon-

ger from you, it will be insupportable—my con-

science will not go so far. There was a time when I

was proud of my sorrows; and sometimes, when

contemplating on the ill that man could do me, on

the fate which destiny could reserve for me, I fixed

my eyes steadily on the most unheard-of misfor-

tunes without a frown—without alarm; but now

the idea that she may be unwell—like the cruel

idea that she may be ill—above all, the cruel

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This image shows a vertical strip of a document page. The left side features a dark, textured binding or cover material. The right side is a light-colored, possibly white or off-white, surface that appears to be the paper of the document. There are some dark, irregular marks and stains along the boundary between the binding and the paper, suggesting wear or damage. The overall appearance is that of a narrow, vertical scan of a physical object.

